

Poe's Unknown "Eureka" Philosophic Masterpiece

Poe's Metaphysical Work Yet May Rank With Efforts of the Great Evolutionists

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

WAS Edgar Allan Poe the American Newton, Darwin and Einstein all rolled into one? Was Edgar Allan Poe the greatest metaphysical and religious Columbus that the world has ever known?

Was it an American known to the world only as a poet writer of weird and diabolical tales who was one of the great philosopher-revelers of the ages?

Poe the poet and the author of the tales of the grotesque and arabesque had smothered Poe the philosopher, the mathematician, the scientist, the propounder of a great system of cosmic evolution many years before Charles Darwin published "The Origin of Species" and Herbert Spencer "First Principles."

"Eureka" has almost been forgotten, although Poe declared the truths disclosed in it were of more consequence than the discovery of the law of gravitation. It was published in 1848 by G. P. Putnam, 135 Broadway, in boards. Poe called it a prose poem. It lies buried to-day among his collected works, but it is a book in itself and stands apart.

A search for "Eureka" in four or five of the big book stores of New York made last week by the writer revealed the astounding fact that not only did not any of the salesmen questioned know whether "Eureka" was to be found among his prose or poetical works, but in many cases the work could not be had at all. A copy was at last found in the book store of the publishing house that published "Eureka" sixty-nine years ago.

Bears on Einstein Theory.

"Eureka," aside from being one of the profoundest and subtlest works of one of the greatest imaginations that ever enriched the earth, bears to-day tremendously upon the theories of Einstein and the extension of the law of gravitation to light, the mystery of radium, which threatens to upset all physical law, the law of gravitation itself included; the problems of hyperspace, the origin and destiny of man in the light of psychic phenomena, which have thrown some of the greatest scientists off their feet, and the newer speculations about the immortality of the soul.

Is the neglect of this work to be accounted for on the ground that Edgar Allan Poe was "only an American"—that "Eureka" was not born of a European brain?

It was almost in rage that Blasco Ibanez—a Spaniard and a man totally unfamiliar with our language—deplored and execrated the lack of respect shown to the world famous name of Poe in his own country.

"America for Americans" we phonetically shout. America for Americans! So be it, and forever! But, then, why this neglect of the man who gave us our great-

Soviet Russia Compared With French Revolution

Continued from Preceding Page.

Babouf was as abhorrent to him as the despotism of the Bourbons. He never attacked the final section of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," which declared that "the right to property being inviolable and sacred, no one might be deprived of it except in cases of evident public necessity legally ascertained." And if the legal procedure of the revolutionary tribunal was rather summary or the "mint" erected in the Place de la Revolution was kept rather busily at work, it was only because the "public necessity" became the more evident as the dangers of war without and treachery within gathered to threaten the revolution. But expropriation, violent, immediate and thorough, is the very first principle of Lenin's rule. It is not a measure of urgency, but an end in itself. The farms must be taken from the proprietors and given to the peasants, the factories taken from the owners and handed over to the workmen, the funds of the treasury and the banks confiscated, all public utilities and private wealth seized and delivered into the hands of the proletariat for communistic use and management.

Another striking contrast between Jacobins and Bolsheviks is to be found in their political philosophy. *La République une et indivisible*, was a basal Jacobin dogma. "Federalism," or the dispersion of the power of the State through several centres, when it might have been vulnerable to attack from without or to counter revolution from within, was a crime only less than treason in the eyes of the Montagnards. It was for that sin that the Girondists fell. "You are men of dismemberment!" roared Danton at the deputies from Bordeaux, who were complaining in the Convention of the undue power of Paris. "Was it at Lyons that the Bastille was taken or at Marseilles that the October days occurred? Did the people of Brest dethrone the king on the 10th of August, or the men of Lille empty the prisons of traitors in September, Paris is the head, the provinces are the members of the body politic. You accuse us at Paris of dominating France. It is

the domination of the brain over the arm. You would decapitate France!"

The whole policy of Jacobin rule, never correctly understood until Anand's great work put the matter in its true light, was derived from the grim determination to make France cohere. To that end the dire threat to turn the country into a cemetery rather than not "regenerate" it with the elixir of the "pure" Jacobin theory; to that end the transformation of the whole country into a huge camp under the compelling strains of the intensely patriotic battle hymn of the republic, *Aux armes citoyens!* To that end the Herculean labors of the Carnots, the Lindets, the Priests, in the Committee of Public Safety. To meet the attack of hostile monarchies the Government contracted and stiffened, like any biological organism.

"The popular revolution," said St. Just, "was the surface of a volcano of foreign conspiracies." And Napoleon Bonaparte paid the Committee of Public Safety the compliment of calling it the only government of France worthy of the name since the fall of the old régime.

After 1845 Poe, feeling that he was coming to his end, planned what he conceived to be his greatest bequest to posterity—a theory that should explain the

physical and spiritual universes and man's relation to God, based on the mathematical philosophy of Benedict de Spinoza. He had a sure instinct of his coming end—like certain wild animals—and went away into himself to prepare his valedictory to the suns.

He then lived at his now famous cottage in Fordham with Mrs. Clemm—whom he always kissed good night before going to bed, and whom he always called "mother"—his debts and a body broken under the wreck of life; but his mind was always in the Elsewhere.

He wandered, day and night, at that time, around the High Bridge over the Harlem River, tramped the rocky slopes and spent hours meditating, his eyes fixed on the waters of that river but his mind trying to solve the eternal problem.

In the winter of 1847 he could be seen, dressed in a long military coat, pacing

the porch of the cottage hour after hour, spinning and weaving on the loom of the sublime generations in his skull the web of his long essay.

In the spring of 1847 he walked the garden with "Mother" Clemm, outlining to her his book, and stopping every little while to ask her whether she understood. Her answer was generally to lead him into the house and give him some hot coffee, where he would often stay sunk in profound meditation till 4 o'clock or later in the morning, good "Mother" Clemm sitting near to see that her "big baby poet" did not catch cold.

"Eureka" was finally completed in 1848. He conceived the idea of a trip through the United States soliciting for subscriptions for a magazine to be called *The Stylus*, in which he would print "Eureka" Willis and others were backing him in his trip, but it never came to pass.

One of his projects was to outline his work to a New York audience before beginning the trip. Poe thereupon advertised a lecture to be given in the Society Library, the oldest and largest library in New York city, at 348 Broadway, at the corner of Leonard street. Have the skyscrapers buried his dreams under their colossal weight of steel and granite?

On the night of February 3 he appeared before about sixty persons and held them entranced—so the papers of the time say—for two hours by a sketch of his theory. It was a stormy night—a night in the Poe manner. Is there a being of those sixty still alive who heard that lecture? It is not probable.

The lecture was printed by many of the papers, but made no impression. He said to one of the reporters present: "If you have ever dealt with such topics you will recognize the novelty and mo-

ment of my view. What I have propounded will in good time revolutionize the worlds of physical and metaphysical science. I say this calmly, but say it."

The reporter for the *Express* (who was not) said in his paper the next morning that Mr. Poe's lecture he regarded as "beyond all question the most elaborate and profound effort we ever listened to. The work has all the completeness and oneness of plot required in a poem, with all the detail and accuracy required in a scientific lecture."

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"To the few who love me and whom I love—to those who feel rather than think—to the dreamers and those who put faith in dreams as in the only reality—I offer this book of Truths, not in its character of Truth-Teller, but for the Beauty that abounds in its Truth, constituting it true. To these I present the composition as an Art Product alone—let us say as a Romance, or, if it be not urging too lofty a claim, as a Poem."

"What I here propound is true—therefore it cannot die; or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the Life Everlasting."

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Many scientific and literary men have tried to draw up a resume of "Eureka," but it is beyond them. It must be read by the eye of the imagination, and to master its one hundred and fifty pages is to rise with the Great Secret in the brain. "Think," says Poe in the concluding lines of this lost masterpiece of the imagination, "that the sense of individual identity will be gradually merged in the general consciousness; that Man, for example, ceasing imperceptibly to feel himself Man, will at last attain the awfully triumphant epoch when he shall recognize his existence as that of Jehovah. In the meantime bear in mind that all is Life—Life—Life within Life—the less with the greater, and all within the Spirit Divine."

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above revolution, making the nation the guardian of the revolution and the revolution the cement of the nation. And no revolution in history ever served the cause of nationalism more devotedly and constantly than the great revolution of 1789. Whatever internationalism there was in that revolution was the generous overflow of the cup of blessing which was held to the lips of France. The "nations" which paraded in pantomime before the bar of the convention brought each their tribute of gratitude to the city set upon a hill. They should catch the radiance of the new age of reason and freedom, and each carry the sacred fire to kindle new centres of democracy. Their hope was built on a better citizenship in a juster State. But State and citizen mean nothing to the Bolshevik. Democracy he repudiates as a shackle. Evolution he scorns as stagnation. For accumulations of money, property or learning he has no respect. Only one class counts for him, a class as narrow as the Prussian Junkers or the Polish nobles. His "civilization" is built on sand.

successes in East Prussia and Galicia had been turned into crushing defeats. Thousands of soldiers were deserting, hastening to their homes to be the first to secure the land which the new leaders were promising to them. When Goutchkov and Kerensky tried to furnish a national basis for the revolution in the programme, defence against the foreign foe first and then reorganization of society within the State, the Bolsheviks replied with the doctrine of "defeatism" and peace at any price. As they had, before their days of power, desired a German victory on the eastern front as a lesser evil than the enhanced despotism of a triumphant Czar, so now they would hoist the white flag and sacrifice whole provinces in order to "dish" Kerensky. For the dictatorship of the proletariat could not endure a representative government. "Democracy, since March, 1917," said Lenin, "has been a shackle fastened on the revolutionary nations!"

In other words, it is the reproach of the nations, in the judgment of the Bolsheviks, that they have set nationalism

desperately now. But they are not fighting for the integrity of Russia. They showed that they cared nothing for that when they undermined the military discipline and overthrew the political authority of the only agents who could fairly be said to represent the nation, and usurped the power of 180,000,000 citizens into the hands of some 200,000 satellites of clever demagogues who took advantage of their country's extremity to possess themselves of its capital, its treasury and its army. Here, again, we see a marked contrast between the French and the Russian revolutions. War was the result of the revolution in France, a war brought on the State for the punishment of its defiance of kings in general and its decapitation of Louis XVI. in particular. The revolution accepted the challenge and entered the war as a holy crusade in defence of the right of the "self-determination" of nations. Just the contrary happened in Russia. The revolution there was largely the result of the war. The people were war weary. The armies were poorly equipped and scantily fed. Initial

"You would have been taught very hard to please, if you had made any difficulty."

"I thought so myself," rejoined the captain, "and so the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray, may I ask, if you ever was in a battle?"

"No," replied the captain, with a sigh, "I never was; I never had that good fortune, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is not least, to be in one tomorrow."

"These are answer a pair of pistols as any is the three kingdoms, said an officer, showing a pair to a young student of his acquaintance. "and have done execution before now, at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping. I never travel without them."

"I never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country."

"Nor I," replied the officer, "and if I had I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account—Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lancers; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money, and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the case, how come you to travel always with pistols?"

"Because," answered the officer, "I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another."

"Do you often settle differences in that way?"

"Why, I was twice out before I arrived at your age—The first time, was with a relation of my own, who said he would see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him the word that I would be happy to give him one proof of the very next morning, and when we met I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quo with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since."

"Pray what gave you occasion for the second?" said the young student.

"How it began originally, is more than I can tell," answered the captain; "all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awakened in the morning from a profound sleep, by a gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation, and also, that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him, and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of way, without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, 'upon my conscience, Sir, (said I, I am unable to declare, with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed, nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service.' Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the time. I met him precisely at his time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot, the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine, lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring myself satisfied, I said I was contented."

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Here Is the Front Page of the First Copy of The Sun

THE



SUN

NUMBER 1.]

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

PUBLISHED DAILY,

AT 222 WILLIAM ST. BENJ. H. DAY, PRINTER.

The object of this paper is to lay before the public, at a price within the means of every one, ALL THE NEWS OF THE DAY, and at the same time afford an advantageous medium for advertising. The sheet will be enlarged, as soon as the increase of advertisements require it—the price remaining the same.

Yearly advertisers, (without the paper,) Thirty Dollars per annum—Casual advertising, at the usual prices charged by the city papers.

Subscriptions will be received, if paid in advance, at the rate of Three Dollars per annum.

FOR ALBANY—PASSAGE ONLY \$1.

The large and commodious steamboat COMMERCIAL, Capt. R. H. Fitch, will leave the foot of Courtlandt street on at five o'clock, P. M. for Albany, stopping at the landing places to land and receive passengers. For particulars, apply to the Captain on board.

REGULAR DAYS.

From New York, Mon. & Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, Thursdays, Saturdays, a 29

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The splendid steamboat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. R. S. Bunker, will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. For further information apply to the Captains on board, or to the Agents, 14 Broadway.

FOR HARTFORD—PASSAGE 1 DOLLAR

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT. The splendid WATER WHEEL pressure steamboat leaves the foot of Courtlandt street every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 o'clock and arrives in Hartford at 7 o'clock the same evening. Passage One Dollar—meals extra. The above boat leaves Hartford on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the same hour.

FOR LONDON—To sail 10th of Sept.—The

new packet ship Montreal, Champlain, master, will sail on the 10th inst. For freight or passage, having elegant accommodations, apply to the captain on board, Pine at wharf, or to JOHN GRISWOLD, Agent, 69 South st.

FOR LIVERPOOL—The fast sailing ship

Tallahassee, S. Glover, master, will be ready to receive cargo in a few days, and have dispatch. She has excellent accommodations for both cabin and steerage passengers. For freight or passage apply to WOOD & TRIMBLE, 157 Maiden lane.

FOR HAVRE—The packet ship Formosa,

Orme, master, will sail on the 8th Sept. For freight or passage, apply to the captain on board, WM. WHITLOCK Jr. 46 South st. #2

FOR LIVERPOOL—Packet of the 6th Sept.—

The packet ship Roscoe J. C. Delano, master, is now in readiness to receive cargo. For freight or passage apply to the captain on board, foot of Maiden lane, or to FISH, GRINNELL & CO. 134 Front st.

FOR KINGSTON, JAM.—Packet 10th Sept.

The elegant coppered ship Orbit will sail as above. For freight or passage, having splendid accommodations, with state rooms, apply to B. AYMAR & CO. 34 South st.

FOR NEW ORLEANS—Packet of the 8th

September—The very fast sailing coppered ship Nashville, Capt. Rathbone, will sail as above. For freight or passage, having handsome accommodations, apply to E. R. COLLINS, 23 South st. #1. A lighter is in readiness to receive cargo at Pine st. wharf.

FOR NEW ORLEANS—Packet, if Sept 15,

the ship Tennessee, Capt. Sack, will sail as above. For freight or passage, having handsome accommodations, apply to SILAS HOLMES & CO. 61 South st. #2. A lighter is in readiness to receive cargo.

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Compare this intense nationalism of the Jacobins with the political philosophy of Lenin and Trotsky. The Bolsheviks care nothing for Russia, or for any other country, as a political State. They are internationalists, supranationalists, non-nationalists. They have no faith at all in political ideals. The democracies of the Entente Powers are as odious to them as the autocracies of the Central Powers, for they are all tarred with the same stick of capitalism. "Russia, one and indivisible," is a slogan which the Bolsheviks laugh at. They would like and they expect to control all Russia, of course, just as they would like and expect to control all the world; but it is not for Russia's sake that they cherish these hopes, for they would rather have any part of Russia Bolshevik than all of Russia anything else. So they have consented to the dismemberment of Russia, for the moment at least, in order to get a breathing space for the establishment of their dictatorship.

It is true that the Bolsheviks are fight-

ing desperately now. But they are not fighting for the integrity of Russia. They showed that they cared nothing for that when they undermined the military discipline and overthrew the political authority of the only agents who could fairly be said to represent the nation, and usurped the power of 180,000,000 citizens into the hands of some 200,000 satellites of clever demagogues who took advantage of their country's extremity to possess themselves of its capital, its treasury and its army. Here, again, we see a marked contrast between the French and the Russian revolutions. War was the result of the revolution in France, a war brought on the State for the punishment of its defiance of kings in general and its decapitation of Louis XVI. in particular. The revolution accepted the challenge and entered the war as a holy crusade in defence of the right of the "self-determination" of nations. Just the contrary happened in Russia. The revolution there was largely the result of the war. The people were war weary. The armies were poorly equipped and scantily fed. Initial

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Forgotten Volume Written Shortly Before His Death Strangely Neglected—Its Timeliness Now

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